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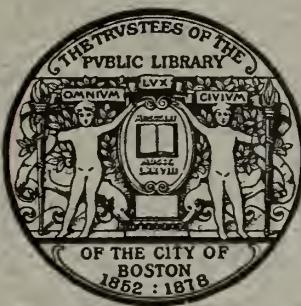
Fifty Years of Music in Boston

Based on Hitherto Unpublished Letters
In the Boston Public Library

By

Honor McCusker

Assistant in the Rare Book Department



Boston, Massachusetts

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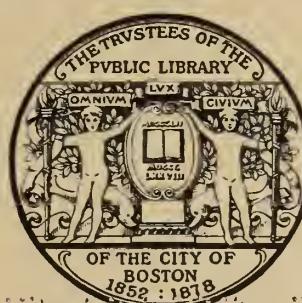
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Fifty Years of Music in Boston

The Dwight Collection of Musical Letters

In the spring of 1937, two articles appeared in *MORE Books* on the Brook Farm colony, based on a group of letters mostly written to John Sullivan Dwight. At that time mention was made of another collection of letters in this Library, addressed to Dwight during his later career as a musical critic, many of them by well-known musicians and composers, and as yet unpublished. There are over two hundred of these in all. Some are brief notes, others fragmentary and obscure, as personal correspondence often is to the outsider; but a large number are substantial documents. The group as a whole forms the nucleus of a musical history of Boston from the 1840's to the 1890's.

Conspicuous is a series of eighteen letters from Otto Dresel, a German pianist whose influence in Boston after his arrival in 1852 was second only to Dwight's. Several of these are long scrawls of eight or ten pages, written during a visit to Germany, where Dresel was doing some musical work and buying quantities of scores for the Harvard Musical Association. Eight others are from Dwight himself, chiefly to his god-daughter Edith Andrew about daily news and personal matters, but brightened by the happy temperament which made Dwight probably as widely beloved as any man in Boston.

There are glimpses of several celebrities. Max Pinner, the pianist, sends a cheerful note from the midst of the Roman Carnival, irreverently referring to his companion Liszt as "the old gentleman." Alexander Wheelock Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, mentions Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Wagner, and the first rehearsals of *Tristan and Isolde* in 1862. Mrs. Ole Bull recalls her husband's admiration for Dwight "both as a man and critic." Another letter bears the dashing signature of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, composer of *The Last Hope*, and musical matinée idol of the mid-nineteenth century.

The papers are also full of such events as the building of the Boston Music Hall, the Great Peace Jubilee of 1869, and the foundation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There are several letters by Boston composers, among them Arthur Foote, John Knowles Paine, and Clara Kathleen Rogers. The latter's house was for years a center of musical gatherings, and a haven for young artists who without her friendly encouragement might have had to struggle hard for a hearing in the face of conservative criticism.

Of course, any account of Boston music in the period based solely upon these manuscripts must necessarily be somewhat limited. Schools of music, such as the New England Conservatory or the Academy of Music, are on the whole rather neglected. There is also little reference to the Handel and Haydn Society, though that association's share in Boston musical activities is well known. Dwight helped to write the first history of the Society in 1887; yet he had probably less to do with it than with any similar organization.

There are other gaps as well. Dwight represented the classical tradition, and naturally attracted correspondents of like conviction. Beyond scathing allusions to operettas, war songs, and such doings as the two Jubilees, there is almost no reflection of the popular musical taste of the time; and it must be remembered that, alongside the group of intellectuals who sponsored *Dwight's Journal of Music* and the Bach Club, existed an even wider audience who, at the mammoth Peace Jubilee, cheered wildly on hearing the "Anvil Chorus" thundered out on real anvils with a cannon obligato.

However, the Bach Club and the "Anvil Chorus" mark two extremes to be found in every period. In the great range between, under John S. Dwight's careful fostering, there was real growth, which could not have taken place without him. His sketch of musical history in the last volume of the *Memorial History of Boston* is almost entirely a chronicle of events in which he himself played a dominant rôle; and this is not the result of personal vainglory. His fertile imagination conceived the Harvard Musical Association, the chair of music at Harvard, the Boston Music Hall, and the musical journal which, unrivalled in its special field, wielded such an extraordinary influence not only in Boston but in the whole United States. As a modern critic, Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, wrote not long ago, "the Boston community was fortunate in having throughout its musically formative years a leader of taste and opinion whose standards were so substantial and high as those of Dwight."

The rapid maturing of musical appreciation in this half-century of Dwight's activity is distinctly perceptible in these letters. In the beginning, when New England was stirring awake under the stimulus of European romanticism, the response to music was untrained and almost purely emotional. As Dwight himself wrote in 1870, looking back on the early days, "Young souls, resolved to keep their youth and be true to themselves, felt a mysterious attraction to this, though without culture musically. Persons not technically musical at all would feel the music as they felt the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. They understood as little of the laws of one as of the other fascinating and prophetic mystery." But as time went on and Americans no longer remained isolated but became conversant with the best music in Europe, the artless enthusiasm of the first generation gave way to critical analysis of the type written so brilliantly by William Apthorp and later by Philip Hale. To borrow a distinction of Apthorp's, the music-lovers yielded to the musicians. The first performance of a Beethoven symphony in the city occurred in 1841. Fifty years later, the Boston Symphony Orchestra was celebrating the tenth anniversary of its foundation. By that time Boston was not only one of the musical centers of the United States, but had won a musical reputation throughout the world.

From Gottlieb Graupner to the Transcendentalists

ONLY the simplest forms of music seem to have been known to New England Puritans. Though the Bay Psalm Book, printed in 1640, was the first book published in America, the work contained no musical notes; and the earliest edition with tunes that survives is dated as late as 1698. The practice of "lining out" the psalms — that is, having them read out line by

line by the deacon — had been established by the English Parliament in 1644, and the mere mention of abandoning the custom aroused a religious controversy which lasted well into the eighteenth century. Indeed, the singing of psalms at all was a matter of distress to tender consciences. Slowly, however, even outside the polite city of Boston, the devout became convinced that there was no Scriptural prohibition against singing by note. "Lining out" was abolished, and the prejudice against other music gradually evaporated. But even then, religious music was limited to Handel and Pleyel, and the secular music available was poor stuff — comic recitatives, "echo songs," "battle pieces," and the like.

The first sign of active progress appeared with the first real orchestral director in America — Johann Christian Gottlieb Graupner, whose influence it is hardly possible to over-estimate. He possessed almost unlimited energy: taught, copied and engraved music, played and sold almost every known instrument, organized concerts, and formed musical societies. It was he who achieved a sudden improvement in public programs. Though he indulged, like his fellows, in a good many trills and flourishes, he also brought Haydn and even Mozart to the attention of Boston audiences.

Gottlieb Graupner — he dropped the other names — served as oboeist to the royal infantry at Hameln before his discharge in 1788. Three years afterward he played the oboe in Haydn's orchestra. From London he set forth for Prince Edward Island. In November 1795 he was playing in Charleston, South Carolina; and there, in April of the following year, he married the leading actress at the City Theater, Mrs. Catherine Comerford Hellyer. The latter, who was both beautiful and charming, kept her popularity with her audiences. In 1796 she returned to the company then acting at the Federal Street Theater in Boston, and her husband took charge of the theater orchestra. The Graupners were a versatile family. Gottlieb led the orchestra with his double bass, played solos, and accompanied his wife on the oboe in echo songs; while she sang, danced, and acted important roles in everything from *The Romp* to *The School for Scandal* and *King Lear*. Even the children, Olivia and Catherine, appear fairly frequently on the theater bills. It is an interesting coincidence that during the winter of 1808 Mrs. Graupner was appearing as Goneril to a Cordelia performed by Elizabeth Arnold Poe, and on January 11, 1809, while his father and mother were still with the Federal Street company, Edgar Allan Poe was born.

But Graupner led a full enough existence outside the theater as well. He ran a music shop and gave lessons; and in 1810 he and a small group of friends formed America's first serious orchestra, the Philo-Harmonic Society. It began as a social meeting, held every Saturday evening in Graupner's little hall; but later it gave public concerts, at which two foreign consuls did not disdain to lend a hand. The Society continued active at least until 1824; but in 1815 Graupner had embarked on a new musical venture. Together with Asa Peabody and Thomas Smith Webb, he issued a circular in March, suggesting a society for the performance of sacred music. Public concerts began in December; but it was not until three Christmasses later that the complete *Messiah* was sung, founding a tradition which has endured to the present day. The following February the Society produced Haydn's *Creation*. These two oratorios

were for years the mainstay of the Society's repertoire; but gradually other great works were included. By 1822 the group had become so sure of itself as to commission Beethoven to write an oratorio for it (see *MORE BOOKS*, March 1927). The composer meant to accept; but a series of delays occurred, and the piece was never finished.

Gradually the ground was being prepared for the real work to come. The establishment of the Boston Academy of Music in 1833, under the direction of Lowell Mason, led within two years to the free instruction of nearly a thousand children and four or five hundred adults. It also introduced the study of music into the public schools — a revolutionary step for that time, but one which proved immensely successful. In addition, the Academy sponsored seven or eight orchestra concerts each winter, with programs including the American premières of at least two Beethoven symphonies.

It was Beethoven's fame, indeed, which colored the wave of musical interest which swept over Boston in the 1840's. The performance of the Fifth Symphony on November 27, 1841, occasioned, in Dwight's own words, "the first great awakening of the musical sense" in Boston. Music of the best type played a conspicuous part in the life of the Brook Farm colony; and all around in the neighborhood of the Farm "Mass Clubs" sprang up to sing the Masses of Mozart and Haydn, with Dwight as leader.

It was within this momentous decade, too, that there appeared in America two virtuosos whose glamor has not yet, after nearly a century, quite faded from the public imagination — Jenny Lind and Ole Bull. From the night of his first concert in New York in 1843, Ole Bull achieved a reputation among American music-lovers that resisted all opposition. A letter from that ardent reformer Lydia Maria Child is typical of many eulogies; the very soulfulness of her response to Bull's playing is as characteristic of her as of the artist. On October 23, 1844, she wrote to Dwight:

I shall be grieved if you do not deeply feel the beauty and the power of his music. It has awakened in me a new sense — it has so stirred the depths of my soul, and kindled my whole being, that my heart bounds forth to meet one that sympathizes with me. Old as I am, it is the strongest enthusiasm of my life . . .

Concerning the alleged "false notes" of Ole Bull, I, of course, do not presume to judge. But I don't believe the assertion. Simply because I do not believe that an organization so exquisitely attuned to music as his, could itself endure false notes. Certainly he has reasons for departures from established rules; wild and wayward they may be; but it surely is not want of ear, or want of knowledge . . .

You would be charmed with the personal character of Ole Bull. He is just like a child. Diffident of himself, and sensitive, oh *so* sensitive, that a rude breath hurts him. The extreme and beautiful simplicity of his character is not appreciated by the worldlings. To them it seems like weakness. Then all nature breathes through his soul with such free joy! The other day he was playing on the violin, and a bird in the room mocked him exactly. He cried, he laughed, he jumped. He was like a child to whom an absent mother had returned and spoken suddenly. *He make false notes!* If he does, so does nature herself.

Now my object in writing this is to ask you, if you admire his genius, as I hope you do, to write one of those eloquent articles of yours for the *Democratic*. Don't let any one know that I asked you, though; for should he hear of it, I think it would both give him pain, and offend him. He pursues a very dignified and manly course about such things. He leaves his reputation to take care of itself, without any such efforts on the part of himself or his friends . . .

By the way, Ole Bull says that what I write and talk is to him like the study of counterpoint. What does that mean? It must be *florid* counterpoint, I think.

Mrs. Child, suddenly become self-conscious, has scribbled in the corner, "Please not read this letter to strangers. I have written with too much *abandon* for the public eye." Dwight hesitated over the article; but he was impressed with Ole Bull, and wrote back to tell her so, though he protested his inability to answer the question about counterpoint. Later, it appears, his first rapture waned; for, describing to his sister a meeting with Mrs. Child, he added that on the subject of Bull they frankly differed.

The Harvard Musical Association. The Work of Otto Dresel

ABOUT the same time a new society, which was to dominate Boston music for a longer period than any other, was coming into its own. The Harvard Musical Association, which this year has celebrated its hundredth anniversary, was formed by old members of the Pierian Sodality, a musical organization founded by Harvard undergraduates in 1808. "Music at that period," Dwight records in the *Memorial History of Boston*, "did not stand high in favor with the teachers or the parents of most students. To have a weakness for a flute or viol, or to sing aught but 'sacred' music, was a thing 'suspect' and leading to temptation. The idea that music is an art of intellectual and spiritual consequence, that it should be respected and placed upon equal footing with the recognized 'humanities' of a liberal education, would have been dismissed as one of the wildest and most dangerous of dreams." Even in this hostile atmosphere, however, Dwight's enthusiasm had not been blighted. His friend, the artist Christopher Pearse Cranch, was as devoted as he; and George Cooke amusingly relates how Theodore Parker, practically tone-deaf, was tormented to exasperation by one of their musical evenings, and finally drowned out the harmony by sawing wood in the corridor.

Dwight was naturally the leading spirit in the new organization, the first vice-president, and later president from 1873 to 1893. "The ultimate object proposed is the advancement of the cause of music, particularly in this University," he wrote in his report to the first meeting in August 1837. "We would see it professed, not by the killers of time only, and those who scrape the fiddle for bread, but by the serious promoters of the best interests of the young . . . We may aim to raise the standard of musical taste in the College, by giving encouragement, respectability, and seriousness to the Club which cultivates it there . . . We may aim to have regular musical instruction introduced in the College, by doing what we can to make its importance felt by

the government, and by gradually furnishing or opening the way to the requisite means . . . and of preparing the way as fast as possible for a Professor of Music . . . We may collect a Library of Music and works relating to it."

Nearly forty years went by before a full professor of music was appointed at Harvard; but the new association set to work at once to realize as many of Dwight's hopes as it could. For several years it tried to educate the public by an annual address at the University Chapel. In 1844 it adopted a more direct and probably more popular method by presenting a series of chamber concerts. In 1851 it undertook the building of the Boston Music Hall, which had already been attempted and abandoned by another society. The following year it subsidized *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

The Association's deepest interest was bestowed on the symphony concerts which it sponsored from 1865 to 1881. The original project called for a series of six concerts, guaranteed by members of the Association much as the Metropolitan Opera season is guaranteed in Boston now. The orchestra was to consist of not less than fifty resident musicians, under the leadership of Carl Zerrahn, who had come to Boston with the famous Germania Orchestra in 1848, and who had been highly praised for his work with his own Philharmonic. The first season was remarkably well attended; in 1868, *Dwight's Journal* reported audiences of from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons.

These concerts kept up an honorable record. In the middle 'seventies, nevertheless, subscriptions dropped off a good deal. Under the guidance of Dwight and others of the same tastes, the programs remained conservative, and the constant diet of Bach, Handel, and Beethoven gave rise to the popular simile "dull as a symphony concert." The musical world even in those days was not all one happy family. The Association was charged with favoring "clique rule," and facetious critics maintained that its audiences froze to death in the rarefied atmosphere. The later seasons did show some concessions to the Left. Goldmark's Overture to *Sakuntala* raised a storm of applause, and was played twice in two months. The orchestra even set its teeth and presented Brahms's First and Second Symphonies, "morbid" and "dissonant" as these works appeared to most Bostonians at first hearing.

Imperfect performance doubtless had something to do with the disfavor in which Brahms and other "musicians of the Future" were held. The orchestra was small; and rehearsals were necessarily limited, since most of the musicians played in other orchestras as well. And because they did play elsewhere, they sometimes tired and performed perfunctorily in concerts. Yet until 1869, when Theodore Thomas began to bring his highly-trained organization from New York two or three times a winter, this was the best symphony-playing Boston had had, and musical critics viewed its passing with genuine regret. As one editor wrote: "Its work has been well done . . . It finds good conductors plentiful in a city where, when it began, two were thought to be impossible. It sees the best European musicians turning their eyes toward Boston and ready to devote their talents to its service. All this has been done chiefly by the seed planted by the Harvard Musical Association, and even now the harvest is not at its full."

Perhaps the orchestra received its most generous praise when Wilhelm Gericke, coming to conduct the Boston Symphony in 1884, looked over its

seventeen years of programs and exclaimed in astonishment, "I do not see what there is left for me to do here. You seem to have had everything already; more, much more, than we ever had in Vienna!"

It is impossible to think of the Harvard Musical Association without John S. Dwight; equally impossible, once one has delved into its history, to think of it without the support and encouragement rendered by Otto Dresel. A pupil of Hiller and Mendelssohn, soon after his arrival he became recognized as the city's leading pianist. In his own quiet way, he shaped the trend of musical taste quite as much as Dwight. He had a supreme reverence for Bach and Handel, and a sweeping dislike for Italian opera and all "modern" music which seemed to him to lack form. This severity was perhaps more apparent than real. William Apthorp found in him "the keenest sense for beauty of expression, beauty of form, proportion, and color." In his sympathies he was clearly akin to his friend Dwight; and he radiated the same sort of charm for those whom he knew well.

He was of course connected with the Association, and his letters to Dwight, most of them written from Germany during 1869 and 1870, are closely concerned with the concert programs and with the library, for which, as mentioned above, he was commissioned to buy scores. Music publishing began really to flourish in Boston only about 1860; the first editions of Beethoven's sonatas and of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord* were published four years earlier.

The first edition of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* to appear in the United States was published by Oliver Ditson and Company in 1869. It was a matter in which Dresel was particularly interested, since his intimate friend Robert Franz, well known as an editor of Bach, had already composed a piano arrangement, and Dwight had prepared a translation of the text. But the Boston publisher had chosen an arrangement by Julius Stern which provoked Dresel's maledictions in a letter of September 26, 1869.

I have no "Passion-music" with me, therefore am unable to judge of the merits of your translation with regard to the music; but Anna thinks that it reads very well indeed, and that a great deal of it is quite poetic.

But I must confess, I feel quite sore about the Piano arrangement! . . .

A Piano score of the *Matthäus Passion* made by *Franz* would in time have become an honor to America, and a shame to Germany, instead of that Mr. Ditson is simply stealing a very third-rate arrangement done in the usual dabbling way of a third-rate Capellmeister . . .

I suppose it is all too late, else I would entreat you to "save" at least a few airs by urging Ditson to use the *Franz* instead of the Peters edition arrangement . . . I don't care for the opinion of any of the now living musicians, but I know that the position which *Franz* holds with reference to Bach and Handel must one of these days take ground, and his arrangements obtain rank as classical works.

This caustic reproof apparently had some effect, for Dwight's preface to the Ditson edition, dated December 6, 1869, states that *Franz's* accompaniments have been used for many of the arias.

Dresel went on to discuss a performance of some of the music from the

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Passion, which was then being planned for Boston, though in fact the first selections were not sung by the Handel and Haydn Society until 1871. He wrote:

As to the performance of the Matthäus Passion, I deem it to be a very difficult problem, requiring all the judgment and tact of the most finely educated musician (—so you can be sure that both Messrs. Ritter and especially Zerrahn will do the thing in first rate style!). The Leipsic performance of it does Leipsic less credit than anything else they do, and Reinecke knows it too. He actually *hates* the business of bringing it out . . .

Well, you have to leave out quite a number of Airs, which especial ones, will have to be determined by circumstances; it depends upon the available solo talent. My own expectations in the matter are not very cheering, but better be agreeably than disagreeably disappointed! I can but believe that it will be a failure; that nothing by such a performance will be gained as to bringing Bach's music a little nearer to the appreciation of the public, and that as usually the gentlemen of the Press will make great fools of themselves! May it be different!!

Dresel's plans for building up the Association's library show the difference between his mind and Dwight's. Dwight had sound æsthetic instincts; but his technical training was weak, and he was likely to rush ahead on the tide of an impulse without sufficiently considering where it might land him. Dresel, on the contrary, never lost his head. He bluntly told Dwight:

As to your idea of having complete collections, you differ from me to a certain extent. I too am of the opinion to have our great *masters* complete, but as to getting for instance all the Sonatas by Ries, Lachner, Loewe and *second-rate* composers of that kind, it is simply dead weight for the Library, and I don't see the use of storing up things which nobody ever needs to be acquainted with. Loewe is *not* a classic; to induce any Society to bring out his Oratorio the *Siebenschläfer* would be very perverse; the work is of no value and of no consequence — dead matter — and nothing more, and I don't think we needed a full score of it! As a Lyric, Loewe is simply intolerable, so "philiströs" and commonplace is his expression, and remarkable as are many of his ballads, Schumann was a much finer nature, of much purer and nobler lyric sentiment than he.

Three months later he made some more positive suggestions, typical of the sort of music he was buying for the library:

I think a collection of 8 hand two Pianoforte arrangements would be a generous acquisition for the Library. At any rate, I should like to get Liszt's [arrangement of] Beethoven's 9th Symphony for two Pianos, and the Schubert Symphony for two Pianos; the latter also for two hands. Also the Liszt piano solo arrangement of the Beethoven Symphonies, Mozart Quartetts for four hands by Czerny, Mozart's Opera *Zaide*, which contains some very good things, also a score of the Requiem by Mozart, the new Handel Opera Airs by Franz, etc. etc.

Getting scores even in Germany was not always a simple undertaking. On January 4, 1870, Dresel reported in disgust:

I have but a minute to tell you today that if there were any Orchestral parts to *Alphonso and Estrella* printed. I would have sent them already last year. The work belongs to Spina in Vienna and he is a very slow coach, without the least energy and earnestness about good things. So also he owns Joachim's admirable instrumentation of Schubert's Piano-forte Duo in C. since ten years, and in spite of repeated kicks and reminders gentle and strong, he has not published Score nor parts yet.

Now what shall I do?! I could have copied the parts here at an expense of probably not more than 3 or 5 Thalers at the utmost, while the same would cost there at least fifteen. But according to the rashness characteristic of a young man like yourself, I am afraid that not receiving the parts, you will have them copied there, and so I think, I better postpone to have it done here, until I hear from you. But what's the odds if you do not bring that overture this year?

As a matter of fact, Schubert's overture was played for the first time in Boston only in November 1871.

When Otto Dresel died on July 26, 1890, Boston lost its "musical conscience." As a tribute to him, the Bach Club, which had worked for seven years under his inspiration, met after his death for an evening of music in his honor. Probably the singer Clara K. Rogers voiced the feelings of many when she wrote to John S. Dwight, thanking him for an article in memory of the pianist: "It has always seemed to me so vain to attempt to convey in words any adequate idea of all that Dresel was, in his rareness and nobility, that I feel grateful to you, who have the power of expression, for translating the foreign language of his beautiful soul to the world!"

Pioneers on the Musical Frontier

HAVING seen the light, Boston was zealous to make converts. It was not long, therefore, before local musicians began to venture forth into the wilderness, even when the field at home was still in part unbroken. In 1849 Boston's first professional quintet came into being, based, like Graupner's earlier orchestra, on a private social gathering. It was called the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The original group consisted of August Fries, violin; Francis Riha, second violin; Thomas Ryan, clarinet and viola; Wulf Fries, violoncello; and Edward Lehman, flute and viola. Later the membership changed. The Club found favor at once, and, aided by the lyceum system then well established in both large and small towns, was soon giving concerts throughout the whole of Massachusetts and New England.

In 1859 the Club made its first trip outside its own province, so successfully that four years later it dared to experiment with a short western tour. It was by no means a casual adventure. For some time the Club had no advance agent, no professional manager; Ryan made all the arrangements by correspondence. Travel was uncertain and slow, where possible by rail, more

often by steamboat and stagecoach. One concert was given after a seven-hour drive in sleighs, with frequent stops to shovel out the road, and an upset which spilled the whole company into a ditch; another, in Topeka, was enlivened by the appearance of twelve Indians in paint and blankets!

Moreover, the rapid extension of the frontier had left the settlers very little time to cultivate the fine arts, though this handicap was balanced financially by the fact that the Club had the western country pretty much to itself. There were minstrel companies and a few dramatic troupes; but classical music was a complete novelty. Though the Club occasionally had to lower its standards to make itself understood at all, it did please people, and even somewhat raised the public taste. A letter from Ryan, written from East Saginaw, Michigan, in December 1868, illustrates the difficulties of these early tours:

We are really in the woods now — have the roughest kind of people to play to — but they drink in what we give them with eagerness; in many places our concert is the first of an artistic nature that has ever been given. So you may imagine funny scenes at times. Only two days ago after a concert, we were told that what we did was a complete "sell." The individual thus expressing his disgust subjoined the joke that "he liked the old 100 but when it went up to 150 or 200 it was a humbug." In every respect we have been successful. In the large places like Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit we gave them a whole Quintett the second night. It fell rather flat generally, but we told those who raised objections to it that we were doing well and we could afford to sacrifice something for the pleasure of even half a dozen who did like it. But I tell you its a rough job to try to play elevating music — especially when good artists like Parepa and troupe in large cities give nothing better than "Waiting" and flash ballads.

Madame Euphrosine Parepa, however, was faced with the same troubles as the Mendelssohn Club. When she came to America at the close of 1865, she had already won great acclaim in oratorio and concert work; but even the most dramatic soprano in America was not exempt from the attacks of the elements on the western prairies. Carl Rosa, the German violinist and conductor who accompanied her on this first tour, and whom she married a year later, wrote to Dwight in the winter of 1866 to arrange for a spring concert in Boston, and spoke of the bitter weather. "We have had crowded houses everywhere in the West till now," he remarked, "but travelling is very disagreeable at this moment. It is very cold snowing from morning till night and blowing very bad at the same time." But he did have one thrill. "Last night coming here the Prairie was on fire, it was a wonderful sight, of which I had read very often in Europe but never expected to see it."

The music department at Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut, early made a reputation for itself under Karl Klauser's direction. Accustomed to the European attitude, Klauser was somewhat taken aback at the indifference he encountered in many localities in the United States. About the same time that Ryan was writing from "the woods," Klauser wrote from Farmington, enclosing a recent concert program for the *Journal*, and

stressing a point on which Dwight was already in full agreement with him:

For years we are working here steadily and quietly for the good cause, and, I think, not without success. Why are concerts of this kind highly appreciated here (and, as I hear, in Boston) — and fail in New York? Is it not the fault of the teachers, in neglecting to form, what is wanted most in this country, for the genuine advancement of Musical Art, — viz. a *Musical Audience*? — The Sinfony Concert givers, the Philharmonics, etc. seem to me to work at the edifice from the roof downwards — let the conscientious teachers work at the foundation. Is not theirs the duty of the sower . . . notwithstanding the many disappointments?

I heartily wish, you would make this theme the subject of one of your eloquent Editorials and recur to it again and again; for here lies the root of the evil. We have good and excellent Artists, but hardly a musical "Publikum."

Another laborer, more distant, was Karl Merz, a German composer and teacher who in 1861 became music director at Oxford Female College in Oxford, Ohio, where he remained until 1882. He found his public even more uneducated than Klauser's; but he evidently felt more hopeful of improvement. He too sent Dwight a program, and added:

I must confess that it gives me much pleasure and that it is almost a matter of pride to me when I am able to send you such a Programme, for I found the field uncultivated here five years ago — Negro melodies etc. being the Programme. Beethoven never was used nor heard here — Mozart and Mendelssohn were strangers here — but there is now considerable of an audience to be gathered to whom one may play such music. It is true that these people do not understand this music as a musician does but can they not be elevated and should they not be made acquainted with these things. American music teachers and Editors often wish to exclude good music — and give place to some of the (American) "Mother" and "war" songs because it pleases the crowd — German teachers often use this stuff to the exclusion of all which is good — because Americans they say cannot learn to understand this music. Both are wrong! I find many Americans well qualified to appreciate good music and a desire to get acquainted with it.

Boston Students in Germany. Thayer's Life of Beethoven

THE prevalence of German names in the accounts of these activities cannot escape notice. It has been estimated that between 1845 and 1860 a million and a quarter Germans emigrated to the United States, some impelled by economic need, but most as political refugees. When the Prussian régime finally crushed the German revolts of 1848, thousands of the revolutionists fled to America.

Thus, though many of the immigrants were peasants, laborers, and small farmers like those who had preceded them, a great number were men of the

highest refinement and education, liberal thinkers devoted to the arts and especially to music. Several colonies settled in the West — in Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and St. Louis — and by the infusion of their own culture made possible a welcome for such artists as those of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, among audiences who before their appearance had heard no more sophisticated melodies than barn dances and mountain ballads.

The improvement in technical knowledge mentioned earlier can also be traced to German influence, this time directly from the homeland. Though such men as Otto Dresel often spoke of music in almost poetic terms, their enthusiasm had a solid foundation. They had served their apprenticeship in the long drills and terrifying public rehearsals of schools like the Leipsic Conservatory, and within a short time young Americans were following their example.

Probably the first Boston students to work in Germany were Dr. Lowell Mason's son William, who sailed in 1849 to study with Moscheles and later with Liszt, and James Parker, who had given up Harvard Law School for a musical career. Soon there were multitudes of their countrymen in Germany, for at the time it was impossible to get a thorough musical education at any one place in America. Later, when this first generation had returned to the United States and begun teaching after the German methods, the crowd diminished, but from 1860 to 1880 Berlin, Leipsic, Stuttgart, and Weimar were full of ardent American students, whose letters and memoirs, such as Amy Fay's *Music Study in Germany* and Clara Kathleen Rogers's *Memories of a Musical Career*, are still bright with the glow of discovery. In an early number of *Dwight's Journal* there is a letter from "J. P." — probably James Parker — describing the Leipsic Conservatory. It confines itself strictly to facts, but gives a good résumé of the training:

The theoretical part of the education consists of a complete course of three years. The first year is devoted to simple Harmony; the second to Harmony and simple Counterpoint; the third to Harmony, Double Counterpoint, and Fugue. The study of Composition and Musical Form constitutes a separate branch . . .

In the practical branch also, instruction is given in classes . . . Besides the regular exercises, the pupils meet together one evening in the week, and those who have studied any work to the satisfaction of the teacher during the past week, perform it for the benefit of the whole assembly . . .

Two examinations are held every year, one a private one, at which the pupils are classified according to the progress they have made — and one a public exhibition or concert, at which the more advanced only are allowed to appear, either as composers or performers.

To such discipline a number of Boston singers and pianists submitted themselves — George Osgood, whose beautiful tenor voice was trained under Sieber of Berlin and Lamperti of Milan; John Knowles Paine, Harvard's first professor of music; Ernst Perabo, a modest young pianist of German parentage, whose progress at Leipsic is reflected in the letters of his patron William Scharfenberg; and B. J. Lang, concert pianist and later conductor of the Apollo

Club of Boston. Letters from these men during their student days are few in the present collection, probably because they were then too young to know Dwight intimately; but there are several written during their professional careers, arranging concert programs and social engagements, all of which bear testimony to the extraordinary breadth of Dwight's acquaintance.

One of Dwight's correspondents, probably the American most familiar with the German musical world, deserves special notice — Alexander Wheelock Thayer. Even before his graduation from Harvard in 1843 Thayer had become absorbed in Beethoven, and had seized every opportunity to use the German libraries for increasing his knowledge of the composer. In 1856 he returned to Europe for the third time, and remained there until his death in 1897.

Thayer's great work, *Ludwig van Beethovens Leben*, was the fruit of forty years of self-denial and toil. Though written in English, it was first published in German in Berlin, in three volumes — the first in 1866, the second in 1872, the third in 1879. The last portions were completed by Riemann after the author's death. The English edition, by H. E. Krehbiel, did not appear at all until 1921. Thayer never received a penny for his immense labor; but even though he expected no compensation he spared no pains. He visited all Beethoven's friends: Anton Schindler (the self-styled "Ami de Beethoven"), Franz Wegeler, and Otto Jahn, who turned over to him a huge heap of material which he had himself collected for a biography. But Thayer's great contribution was his research in the archives of Berlin, Bonn, Prague, and Vienna. His achievement was thus summed up in an obituary in the *Musical Times*:

The name of Thayer will go down to posterity, as the author of the "Life of Beethoven," every line of which bears testimony to his boundless enthusiasm and self-denying energy . . . Thayer cleared away many erroneous statements made by former Beethoven biographers. He ascertained many important and hitherto unknown facts, and he unearthed numerous unpublished letters. Without being a blind worshipper he, by dint of the true biographer's love and sympathy, brought the complex and storm-tossed individuality of the master humanly nearer to us than any other writer. For this achievement he has bound the entire musical world under the deepest obligation.

Two letters of Thayer's in the Dwight collection, one of 1862 and the other of 1876, are characteristic of the man. He knew every one important in the musical world — Hanslick, Jahn, Joachim, Mendelssohn. In fact, the casualness of a letter referring to the presence of both Brahms and Wagner in Vienna is a little breath-taking:

I have paid \$5 to have the two Haydn memoranda books copied for me, and have given a fortnight at least to the work of preparing the contents for you. And all the time being in doubt whether you would think the stuff worth printing. I hope you will as I want to have the journal be the first sheet to give them to the world . . .

Brahms, Willmers and Richard Wagner, are all here in Vienna. The latter is conducting the rehearsals of *Tristan and Isolde* . . .

I have every reason to think that a new consul is to be appointed here in Vienna — I wish Sumner would remember me and get me the

place if possible, although I should prefer being consul in Berlin, should one be placed there . . .

I have nothing special to say about myself — pretty well, growing old, plodding along . . .

How are our pecuniary relations? for I am poor as Job's turkey -- not a decent shirt — hardly — and in a bad condition personally.

The Haydn memoranda books were two commonplace books kept by Haydn during his first sojourn in London. In spite of what Thayer seems to have interpreted as reluctance on Dwight's part, the latter was only too glad to reprint the translation in the *Journal*.

There is a pathetic atmosphere of depression about this letter. The "plodding" must have been very burdensome, and Thayer was often faced with downright want, as he admits in his postscript. Senator Sumner did get him a position as consul, but only at Trieste; and that he gave up in 1882, because he could not do his office work and his biography together without ruining his health. Yet in 1876 he was able to send Dwight a merry account of a literary quarrel in which he had been involved:

I knew Ambros years ago. He and Hanslik did not love each other — not over above much — so, when Köchel's "Fux" and my second volume came out, and Hanslik wrote a pretty long article $\frac{3}{4}$ in praise of me and $\frac{1}{4}$ in dispraise of Köchel, Ambros wrote an article of the same length — $\frac{3}{4}$ in praise of Köchel, $\frac{1}{4}$ against me. But he made a mess of it. I wrote to Gehring and made some fun upon Ambros — concluding to the effect that the time would come, when he (Ambros) would be ashamed of his article — and that in the mean time I should continue to read and enjoy his writings as before. Well, when Pohl's *Haydn*, Vol. I, came out, Ambros spoke of several of the best musical biographies, and took occasion to say that Beethoven had at last found a worthy biographer in Thayer. — This I considered the amende honorable.

Indeed it is probably safe to say that Thayer is one of the few biographers against whom critics never brought any serious charge. But the rest of the letter shows all too clearly the obstacles which he had to overcome in producing his *magnum opus*:

My translator is now director of a gymnasium and has little time to spare; that is the reason that my Vol. IV is not already in press. I have one year hence to go to England, and there revise, improve, curtail, my MS. and bring out the book sending the sheets to you for reprint in America. — Then what is to become of me? I have not been able to save enough to live upon without work — especially in America. Am I not fit for *any* sort of position? I am tired of this consular life. Moreover it does seem to me that my knowledge of musical history, literature and criticism, might be utilized in some way at home. I assure you I feel that I am growing old.

Volume IV and the English edition never went to press. Thayer's health, never robust, broke down under the strain, and he was racked with headache if he used his eyes for more than a few hours a day. Friends in London tried to

provide him with a secretary, but he proudly declined the offer, enduring the summer heat in Trieste and denying himself the slightest luxury, that he might live without accepting aid.

John S. Dwight and his Journal of Music

THROUGHOUT all the correspondence quoted heretofore there has been reference to *Dwight's Journal of Music*, its editor's most cherished project, and one of far-reaching import. Early in 1851 Dwight had conceived the notion of a journal to be "the organ of the Musical Movement in our country." He brought his plan before the Harvard Musical Association the following year, and at once secured the promise of help both for a guarantee fund and for subscriptions.

"Very confused, crude, heterogeneous is this sudden musical activity in a young, utilitarian people," he wrote in his first editorial. "A thousand specious fashions too successfully dispute the place of true Art in the favor of each little public. It needs a faithful, severe, friendly voice to point out steadfastly the models of the True, the ever Beautiful, the Divine."

Again German influence is obvious, in some measure, in the type of criticism represented by *Dwight's Journal*. It is well known that a new interest in German literature had laid the foundation for Transcendentalism; and it will be remembered that Dwight's first publication was a book of translations from Goethe and Schiller. Dwight himself, a born idealist and a member of the Brook Farm colony who never quite lost the spirit of the place, was naturally attuned to the almost mystical ardor of certain German critics. He felt throughout his life that "Music must have some most intimate connection with the social destiny of Man; and that, if we but knew it, it concerns us all."

Of his fidelity to this high concept, there can never be any doubt. But it is not surprising to find his criticism, like much of the literature of the day, somewhat imimical to modern attitudes. His reviews of concerts, for instance, are likely to be impressionistic, rather than analytical: studded with such adjectives as "glorious," "heavenly," "inspiring," etc. For all that, it is often only a deceptive fashion of speech, which should prevent no one from appreciating the real soundness of Dwight's critical approach.

The content of the *Journal* was admirably comprehensive. The first number was admittedly a "rough sketch" of the design which Dwight intended to elaborate. The correspondence was not yet organized, and the news was slightly stale. But the second number showed immediate improvement. It included an essay by Thayer on Beethoven's Third Symphony; an article on classical and operatic music; a short study of Otto Goldschmidt, who had married Jenny Lind at 20 Louisburg Square two months before; two concert reviews; and nearly a page of "musical intelligence." The New York letter was done by George W. Curtis, under the pen name of "Hafiz."

Passing years, as Dwight said in one of his articles, had given both the writer and the public musical experience. In 1852 Ole Bull, for instance, no longer aroused the admiration he formerly did. Now Dwight's "permanent impression" was one of disappointment. The quality of the *Journal* improved

yearly, as its editor gathered wisdom and self-confidence. His articles on Beethoven and on Mozart's *Don Giovanni* are in the first rank of criticism. A translation of Oulibicheff's life of Mozart appeared in instalments. There were even three articles on Wagner in the very first year, though Dwight stated strongly his reasons for disapproving of Wagner's theories.

It was an unfortunate fact, none the less, that the paper barely paid expenses. Some critics complained that it was steeped in "German mysticism and Boston transcendentalism." This was an exaggeration. Dwight certainly preferred German music; yet he could appreciate the good points of Italian opera. But his standards were too high for the average public, and he refused to cater to popular taste or to expand his circulation by publishing parlor music. Hence he lost in cash, though he gained in musical authority.

In 1859 he was relieved of the financial strain and a good deal of the printing drudgery by Oliver Ditson and Company, who took over the publication, paying him a yearly salary and leaving him free in editorial matters. A musical supplement was added, with selections from Bach, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Jaell, etc. The new arrangement was much superior to the old, since it assured Dwight of a regular income and a little leisure. Shortly after he set out for a year abroad, leaving the *Journal* in charge of Henry Ware. His wife's death during his absence, and the impending Civil War, almost induced him to stay in Europe, but he finally made up his mind to return.

After the war the *Journal* became a fortnightly publication; but its nature remained unchanged until 1879, when Ditson wished to make it a popular house organ — a step which Dwight of course refused to take. That the break had been threatening for some time is clear from a note of Thayer's three years before, in which he offered to help. "I am anxious to learn," he wrote to Dwight, "what the 'party' proposes, and whether your journal cannot be taken as the basis of a Boston musical organ. I do not see how you can carry it on under such disadvantages, and hate awfully to have it merged in anything out of Boston. The paper *must draw* its support from the country, I have long been convinced, and to do this it must meet the country tastes in some measure. Is not this a correct view?"

Though Thayer was undoubtedly right in saying that the *Journal* should be supported by the public, it soon became evident that the interested public was not large enough to be of much assistance. It was impossible to pay contributors, and Dwight had to use his own resources. In December 1880 friends organized a testimonial concert, a triumphal occasion which brought in six thousand dollars. But, personally beloved as Dwight was, he could not carry the burden much longer. In an editorial on July 16, 1881, he wrote: "Instead of the promised increase, the income from subscribers and from advertisers has fallen off, showing for the first half of the year a serious loss, which falls entirely on the editor himself, who has no heart to ask or to accept any further guarantee from friends. Prudence counsels him that it is better to stop now than to risk double loss by letting the paper run on to the end of the year."

The *Journal's* work was in fact over, and Dwight admitted it with a good grace, though it must have hurt him deeply. As he said in his final editorial:

There is no putting out of sight the fact that the great themes for discussion . . . which inspired us in this journal's prime . . . although they

cannot be exhausted, yet inevitably lose the charm of novelty . . . The thoughts we then insisted on from inmost conviction . . . are now become the common property of the world . . . Lacking the genius to make the old seem new, we candidly confess that what now challenges the world as new in music fails to stir us to the same depths of soul and feeling that the old masters did, and doubtless always will . . . We feel no inward call to the proclaiming of the new gospel. We have tried to do justice to these works . . . but we lack motive for entering their doubtful service, we are not ordained their prophet.

That inability to accept the new gospel was at the root of Dwight's eventual failure — though the pioneer work which he accomplished over a period of thirty years cannot rightly be called failure. He was obsessed with a conservatism that bordered on intolerance. From Henry Ware he had to suffer especially vicious wounds. In a letter written on June 1, 1868, this friend mercilessly attacked him:

I have read with *immense* disgust your marginal notes on my letter in the Journal and think it justifies all the bad things that your enemies say of you (*editorially*, I mean, for I don't believe you have a personal enemy living.) You begin by confessing that you are so wedded to your own opinion that, if one with whose notions you usually sympathize, happens to differ for once straightway you infer he is *joking* and ironical. Then, admitting *en passant* that I do express *wholesale* admiration . . . don't it compare favorably with wholesale *denunciation* of a work which you (a *judge* and should-be-impartial critic) have never heard a note of . . . of which the mildest epithet you apply to it is "a prostitution of Art." . . . I will bet a thousand anythings that if I could inveigle Dresel into transcribing some of these melodies and playing them to you, you would say "what charming fresh pretty and taking themes"! . . . And I will bet another thousand that the illustrious Mozart himself would have laughed at and thoroughly *enjoyed*, what you, (never having heard) turn up your virtuous and critical nose at afar off . . .

Don't this kind of criticism alienate people from you and very seriously diminish the good you might do in the world, lessen your subscription list, impair your influence in the musical world? Is it not better to give people and things credit for the good that is in them even if it is *not* what you like best yourself, even if you cannot in all respects approve?

This outburst refers particularly to a review of Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène*, to which Dwight had appended a vigorous remonstrance. But it also sums up more general charges, which cannot lightly be dismissed when expressed by one of Dwight's intimate associates, and which help to explain the *Journal's* downfall.

One other cause contributed: that "native indolence of temperament" of which Theodore Parker had once accused him in his college days, and of which he accused himself in his closing editorial. Personal ambition he had none. "How can one recognize competition or enter into competition, and at the same time keep his eye upon truth?" he once inquired. Yet this trait was almost admirable, arising as it did from the delicate sensitivity which he accepted as

his surest guide in all criticism. In spite of his limitations, his instinct for beauty and his uncompromising honesty rendered an invaluable service to music in America.

The Building of the Boston Music Hall

FOR a long time Boston musicians had to struggle against the lack of any adequate auditorium. Jenny Lind had sung in the old Tremont Temple, and smaller concerts were held in Chickering's music rooms. The erection of a proper music hall was first suggested to the Musical Fund Society by J. Baxter Upham; but the Society could do nothing about it, and in 1851 the Harvard Musical Association revived the project with greater success. Among the members of the committee were Dwight, Upham, and Charles C. Perkins. In a short time the site in Tremont Street, opposite the Park Street Church, had been selected, and the Association started canvassing for funds. Within sixty days they had raised a hundred thousand dollars, about a fourth of which was subscribed by members. Late in the autumn of the same year the foundation of the building was already begun.

On November 27, 1852, Dwight gave a full description of the opening ceremony, at which nearly 2500 people were present. "If we would be truest to the live impression of the moment," he wrote, "we suspect it was the novel mode of lighting which in most persons prompted the first words of surprise." It was indeed novel, for it probably came as close to modern indirect lighting as was possible at that time. The gas jets, instead of being hung as usual in brilliant — and dazzling — chandeliers, had been run along the cornice of all four walls, so that the light was evenly diffused.

The interior made a most imposing effect. The hall was sixty-five feet high and a hundred and thirty long, with two balconies. Dwight described his acoustic impressions as "mixed." The program was "heterogeneous and clumsy" in the first place, because the committee had tried to include nearly all the local music societies and all the foreign talent it could command. And there was naturally some nervousness among the performers, most of whom had not rehearsed in the hall itself. But Dwight's verdict was on the whole favorable. He had no doubts about the hall's fitness for oratorio performances and soloists; and though the orchestra showed least vitality, he hoped for improvement. The building's chief virtue, he declared, was "that every tone, high or low, loud or soft, in what ever part of the room heard, is brought to the most precise termination; with the value of the note the sound utterly ceases; no after-vibration is left overlapping upon the succeeding notes."

In this editorial Dwight also made mention of a full-length bronze statue of Beethoven, to be executed by Thomas Crawford for the balcony niche in the new hall. This was the gift of Charles C. Perkins, and the presentation was made at a Beethoven Festival on March 1, 1856. The Music Hall came very near to not having it, however, for an episode occurred which, ludicrous as it was, roused the donor to cold fury. A letter written by Perkins to Dwight on August 12, 1855, explains the matter:

I could on no account neglect to request you to speak against the disgrace which is announced in the papers, as being in preparation for the Music Hall. I refer to the Barnum baby show — which is advertised to be held in the Music Hall next month; as soon as I heard of this, I wrote to resign my place as one of the Directors if it be permitted — and also to say that I could not consent to give the Beethoven Statue to be placed where it could be subjected to the indignity of presiding over a Baby Show. We would think Boston sufficiently disgraced by having such an Exhibition held in any low building within its limits — but to have it held in our Music Hall, a place consecrated to the endeavor to elevate the taste of the community, is really intolerable . . . My object is to beg you will write an article as soon as possible about this matter, in which the enormity of the offense may be properly set before the public.

On August 27 he sent Dwight another explosion which was printed in the *Journal*, and which ended with the magniloquent protest, "Let not the master works of the great composers be heard in a building which will ever after merit the name of Barnum's Nursery."

Apparently the storm blew over, and both Perkins and Dwight decided to make the best of an inevitable evil. In September Dwight wrote an editorial on a recent flower show and a children's concert held in the Music Hall, expressing the hope that with such legitimate sources of income at hand it might never again be necessary to let the hall harbor "Baby Shows and such Barnumbian abominations."

The proceeds of the very first concert had been set aside for the purchase of a suitable organ, but it was some time before the instrument was actually installed. It was made by the celebrated firm of Walcker and Sons, near Stuttgart, and was nearly seven years in process of construction. With justice, it became known as the Great Organ, for it weighed nearly seventy tons, and in power and compass, according to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, ranked "among the three or four mightiest instruments ever built." It was dedicated on November 2, 1863, at a special ceremony by several famous organists, among them John K. Paine, G. W. Morgan of New York, and B. J. Lang. In his article on the concert, Dwight exulted over the instrument as "perhaps the first thorough, really great work of art, made without any poor economy of means . . . made with ideal truth and beauty for the motive, and no eye to profit or any secondary end, which we have yet had in this country." The installation of the organ marked the completion of the building which, until the erection of Symphony Hall at the end of the century, was to be the focus of Boston's active musical life.

Patrick Gilmore's Great Peace Jubilee

THE emphasis placed by the newspapers on the size of the Great Organ may have been symptomatic of a developing taste for "bigger and better" music. Or the sudden inspiration of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore to a huge national jubilee concert may have been, as he claimed, a completely independent notion. Though he had organized one mammoth concert in New Orleans,

up to June 1867 he had been merely a well-known bandmaster, competent in his field, but with no pretensions to serious musicianship. John S. Dwight was later to characterize him pretty justly as "a man of common education, singularly good-natured, and, we doubt not, generous; an enthusiast of rather a sentimental type; chiefly known as caterer in music to the popular street taste, dispenser of military and patriotic airs, exceedingly fond of demonstrations, restless getter-up of 'monster concerts,' in which classical works of genius were pressed into damaging promiscuity with musical *mix pickel* for the million; bountiful in advertising patronage (sure road to favor with the press); one of the glibbest, most sonorous and voluminous in all the wordy ways of 'stunning' and sensational announcement." The new project fired Gilmore's Celtic imagination to the limit, and he rushed home to exclaim to his wife, "I am going to get up the greatest musical festival and the grandest celebration ever witnessed in the world. It is to be a National Jubilee to commemorate the restoration of Peace throughout the land; a great Coliseum will be erected, to hold fifty thousand people; the President of the United States, all the Members of Congress, Heads of Departments, Foreign Ministers, Governors of States, and the leading men throughout the Union will be invited; the chorus will number tens of thousands of singers from all parts of the country; also twenty thousand children from the public schools; the orchestra will contain one thousand musicians; batteries of artillery, regiments of infantry, bells, anvils, and other auxiliary accompaniments will be introduced; and it will be the greatest national celebration and musical festival that has ever taken place on the face of the earth."

Alas for the dreams of genius! Mrs. Gilmore's only reply to this breathless rhapsody was, "Have you lost your senses?" The men whom her husband approached as possible backers echoed the sentiment, in more polite terms. But Gilmore's enthusiasm, once roused, was not easily dampened. The Jubilee became the mission of his life. It is a credit to his pertinacity that after two years' siege he carried his point with both critics and financiers, and the Jubilee, as organized in 1869, corresponded substantially with his original concept.

It must be conceded that, for a "visionary," Gilmore went about his campaign with a good deal of shrewdness. He drew up a flourishing prospectus to lay before Carl Zerrahn and Julius Eichberg, head of the Boston Conservatory of Music. Both promised to coöperate, and Eichberg was enthusiastic. As might be expected, however, John S. Dwight was unable to appreciate the glories spread out in prospect. There was long-standing hostility between the critic and the bandmaster, and Dwight "never liked these g-r-e-a-t things," so that the interview was painful on both sides. Meanwhile, Gilmore was circulating copies of the plan among merchants and newspaper editors; he even persuaded the governor to write him a testimonial. A few large subscriptions encouraged him to make a public announcement in January 1869, with the date of the festival fixed for June 15-17 of the same year. The business men of Boston were still for the most part convinced that the whole idea was insane, and Dwight aroused Gilmore's undying enmity by a humorous comment in one of his editorials: "Better wait, if ye have such an appetite for quantity, and, drinking the whole sonorous ocean at a draught, 'go up' all

together, gloriously, from bandmaster Gilmore's millennial tabernacle, over which, by earthquake shocks of harmony, the heavens, it is presumed, will open right up into the Paradise of Fools where ye may dwell immortal!"

It is difficult to understand, even from his own glowing history of the affair, just how Gilmore managed to overcome a really widespread opposition to his scheme. The secret seems to have been that, totally lacking a sense of humor himself, he finally forced every one else to regard the project seriously. The Building Committee's plan of erecting the Jubilee Coliseum on one end of the sacred Common aroused a terrific hubbub; but this was soon quieted by changing the proposed location to St. James's Park on Dartmouth Street. By April the building was already under way; the chorus was rehearsing; and the invitation list was under consideration. The railroads offered special Jubilee rates, and Boston householders opened their homes to out-of-town guests. The whole city was pervaded by an inescapable clamor of Jubilee. The climax, for Gilmore, came late in the preparations, when President Grant, at first hesitant, changed his mind and decided to accept his invitation.

The program was a judicious mixture of classical and popular. The first day included a chorus from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, Gounod's *Ave Maria* sung by Madame Parepa-Rosa — the only singer whose voice could be trusted to fill the Coliseum — the *Star-Spangled Banner*, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Hymn of Peace*, written expressly for the occasion. Rumors about the safety of the Coliseum still prevailed enough to weaken the first day's sales; so at the last minute the committee added to the program — "by general request," but chiefly by way of bait — the arrangement of the "Anvil Chorus" which was to become notorious, "sung by the Full Chorus, with Organ, Orchestra, Military Band, Drum Corps, One Hundred Anvils, all the Bells of the City in chime, and Cannon Accompaniment." Ticket sales needed no further stimulus.

The second day was devoted to symphony and oratorio, with Schubert's Symphony in C Major, and selections from Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. The next, "the People's Day," featured the "Anvil Chorus," with other popular choruses and operatic airs. For the fourth Gilmore, with one eye on the despised "high-art critics," had arranged a classical program, though he took care to schedule nothing more disconcerting than Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Miss Adelaide Phillips, a famous local contralto, took Madame Parepa-Rosa's place as soloist; she appeared also on the fifth and last day, the most popular of the series, given over to a chorus of seven thousand children from the public schools.

The Jubilee was an amazing success. Even the reluctant Dwight admitted it, with qualifications. In a brief report of the first day's performance he wrote, "Much as we disliked the extravagance of the plan originally, and shrank from the boastful style of the announcement of this 'greatest musical festival ever held in any part of the world,' we cheerfully make haste to own that the result so far has in many respects agreeably disappointed us. Upon the whole, a better thing has been wrought out of it, than a plan so vain-glorious in the conception, so unscrupulously advertised and glorified before it had begun to be, and having so much of claptrap mixed up with what there was good in its programme, gave one any reasonable right to expect." Dwight's final verdict, expressed in a critical summary written for the New York

Tribune and reprinted in the *Journal*, was doubtless more favorable than Gilmore had ever hoped for, though obviously affected by Dwight's peculiar theory of music as a social influence. At the end of his article, he wrote:

Whether the Festival, considered musically, were good or not, it musically *did* good. At any rate to all those singers and performers . . . It has given them a new impulse, a new consciousness of strength, a new taste of the joy of unity of effort, a new love of coöperation, and a deeper sense of the divine significance and power of music than they ever had.

Finally, in a still wider way it has done good. It has given to tens of thousands, of all classes (save, unfortunately, the poorest), who were there to hear, and, through them, to thousands more, to whole communities, a new belief in Music; a new conviction of its social worth; above all, of its importance as a pervading, educational and fusing element in our whole democratic life; a heavenly influence which shall go far to correct the crudities, tone down, subdue and harmonize the loud, self-asserting individualities, relieve the glaring and forthputting egotism of our too boisterous and boastful nationality . . . Public opinion, henceforth, will count it among the essentials of that 'liberal education' which is the birthright of a free American, and no longer as a superfluous refinement of an over-delicate and fashionable few.

The last prophecy was certainly too sanguine. After all the efforts of various Dwights and Gilmores, a large section of the public still considers music "a superfluous refinement." But Dwight's review was probably the fairest and wisest criticism the Jubilee received. The impression it made may be judged somewhat by a letter from Anna Loring Dresel, then with her husband at Lucerne; she wrote on August tenth:

We have just received the two numbers of the "Journal" containing the accounts of the "Jubilee" and read them with great interest. Your communication to the N. Y. Tribune is admirable. Otto tells me to say from him that he thinks your characterisation of Gilmore one of the best things you have ever written. It hits the nail on the head exactly. Your clear and temperate account of the whole affair was a great comfort to read after the fearful flourish of trumpets which reached us in the Transcript. If I did not love Boston too well to laugh at it, nothing could seem more ludicrous at this distance than the absurd self-glorification and commotion that that little corner in the world makes about itself and its doings. One needs only a little while among these grand old giant mountains with the eternal snows upon their heads, in order to feel that Boston is not *quite* the biggest place in the whole world! Still, I love it dearly.

This letter, like almost all those here quoted, is now in the Boston Public Library. They are, for the larger part, now printed for the first time.

Of the great International Peace Jubilee which Gilmore, intoxicated with his earlier triumph, sponsored in 1872, nothing can be said in praise which was not said of the National Jubilee, and much more can be said in disparagement. The promoter's efforts to make everything twice the size of the former as-

sembly resulted in disaster along most lines. Even Carl Zerrahn could not control a chorus of twenty thousand, and the chorus members themselves felt humbled and resentful at their defeat. Gilmore moved to New York the next year, and organized the Twenty-second Regiment Band. There his real talents as a bandmaster found proper scope, and both he and the band enjoyed a wide reputation until his death in 1892.

"The Music of the Future"

"**I**F these [new composers] had been enthroned the *Dii majores* of the musical Olympus," wrote John S. Dwight in 1881, "and there had been no greater gods; if the contributions of the past thirty years to musical production were the whole of music, we never should have dreamed of establishing a musical journal, nor would Music have been able to seduce us from other paths, in which, by persevering, we might possibly have done more good." As already suggested, Dwight's refusal to worship the new gods was one cause of his *Journal's* extinction. It is true that he was not alone in his distrust of contemporary musical trends. In 1877, for instance, when Wagner had already produced his best work, there appeared in Leipsic a *Wagner Lexicon or Dictionary of Impoliteness*, compiled by one of the composer's disciples, and containing forty-eight pages of "coarse, insulting, spiteful, and calumnious expressions" which had been used against Wagner, his works, and his followers. "The Wagner question, like the Beecher trial, like the Ibsen controversy in Norway, divided households," wrote Philip Hale in one of his program notes.

In America, however, there was never the organized opposition to Wagner's theories that arose immediately in Europe. As early as 1859, the Leipsic *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* commented admiringly:

There [in North America] no systematic opposition to the reigning musical taste of the day, no mere experimental demonstration could maintain itself, since the American will not submit to the imposition of charters. Therefore the more recent and the newest German music must have really found a general foothold there . . . You will scarcely find one of the larger cities in the United States, where the overture and march from *Tannhäuser*, pieces from *Lohengrin*, &c. are not standing pieces in the repertoire.

As Dwight made haste to point out, this optimism was none too well founded.

It is one thing [he replied in the *Journal*] for a work to figure in the programme of an enterprising set of concerts, but quite another thing for that work to take possession of a public. Wagner's overture to "*Tannhäuser*" has, it is true, become a very great favorite in our orchestral repertoire. A few other extracts from "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Lohengrin*," (orchestral arrangements), have enjoyed some measure of favor. But this is actually all that our public know of Wagner, save from his critical and theoretic writings.

Indeed, the sympathy with which Wagner was accepted in America was not precisely the result of either discrimination or tolerance. Traditions were

naturally less firmly fixed in a country where musical appreciation was still in its infancy, and much of Wagner's vogue was due to his novelty. But Wagner had christened his own work, in one of his early pamphlets, "the music of the Future"; and he himself, writing in the *North American Review* for 1879, looked upon the New World as a place where the German mind could "develop in activity and freedom unoppressed by the wretched burdens left upon it by a melancholy history."

The idea of settling in America was evidently much in Wagner's mind about this time. In June 1880 Dwight was a good deal amused, not to say startled, by a letter from Dr. N. S. Jenkins, an American dentist living in Dresden, suggesting that he should aid the composer's emigration project. Dr. Jenkins wrote as follows:

Some time ago I received a letter from my friend Mr. Wagner of which I beg to enclose you a translation. Upon passing through Italy some weeks ago I stayed in Naples (where Mr. Wagner is residing) and talked over with him the subject upon which he had written me.

I found that he was sincerely desirous that his friends in America should be made acquainted with his feelings regarding a possible emigration to America and promised so soon as I had returned from a journey to the East to communicate with you.

As I am not specially interested in music and am also by reason of a long residence abroad incapacitated from giving an opinion upon the subject of Mr. Wagner's letter, I felt that I could only advise my friend to consult the first musical authority in America and therefore take the first opportunity of sending you the enclosed translated copy. May I beg you to kindly send a reply to Mr. Wagner, Villa Augri, Naples.

Poor Dwight was put to it for a suitable reply; but when he did succeed in framing one he offered no compromises. On August 2 he wrote back:

Your letter of June 11th was duly received and should have been acknowledged before this. But, being puzzled what to say, I have waited to consult various musical people on the subject of Herr Wagner's letter, feeling that I had received it in confidence and could not publish it.

I find that it affects almost every one who has read it, even those most inclined to Wagnerism, as an extraordinary and almost insane proposal. You do me too much honor in alluding to me as "the first musical authority in America"; and you will smile, no doubt, to learn that I by no means am counted here among the enthusiasts for Wagner's music, but have been more identified with the opinions of such dissenters as Dr. Hanslick, Ferdinand Hiller, Ambros, etc. I cannot, therefore, very well write (as you request) to Wagner himself.

The most practical thought that occurs to me is this: Mr. Theodore Thomas, the famous orchestra conductor, and thus far the most active representative of the Wagner movement in this country, is just now in Europe, and it is said that he went there with the express purpose of visiting Herr Wagner. Probably by this time they have met and talked over the whole matter together. Mr. Thomas can speak from a much wider observation of musical matters in all the States, than has been

possible to me who hardly ever go away from Boston, and he can better judge how far the soil is ready for such a planting.

Though several of the early Wagner overtures had their American premières in Boston, it was New York which became the Wagner center of America under the leadership of Theodore Thomas, who, as Dwight remarked, was one of the first enthusiasts for the music of the Future. In 1859 both *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* were performed; but the first really expert production of *Lohengrin* was given by Strakosch's company in 1874. On March 24 F. C. Bowman, a New York lawyer and critic, recorded for Dwight the oddly-mixed delight felt by most listeners, writing as follows:

I take the liberty of enclosing to you my articles on the *Lohengrin* — the production of which I regard as one of the most important musical events that have occurred of late years in this city. The tremendous force and individuality of the man Wagner is something astonishing, and there is no doubt that he is to leave his profound impression on the music hereafter to be made — witness the *Aida*. His dissonances are enough to make one's blood curdle and yet when you sit *vis à vis* to his scene you feel in the presence of a man of might, and it seems as though he had abolished forever the imbecilities and inanities of Italian Opera. I never have heard more stirring music, hateful as it is at times. Can you not come on to hear it? . . . Nilsson says, "*It is devilish music!*"

Prejudiced as Dwight was, he realized that the new music was not insignificant. His earliest articles included a series on Wagner which, considering his incorrigible habit of speaking his mind, was remarkably fair to the composer's philosophy. Six years afterward these articles were reprinted, with a few changes. Even in his later period, Dwight did not altogether abandon his original contention that "Wagner, while in our view *wrong* in his main musical theory and *right* in many of his special criticisms on existing Opera, must yet be a man of extraordinary talent, nay, creative talent, perhaps genius; and that such indications of power demand of the world that it should wait until it fairly knows, before it utterly condemns." His dislikes were more freely expressed in private conversation, and often exaggerated. As he once wrote to George Henschel, who had rebuked some reported statements of his, "I had not and could not have the slightest wish to prevent your making a memorial concert of Wagner music, and I should be the last man in the world to vote for any prohibitory committee or board of censorship . . . But, when I meet a 'red-hot' Wagnerite, I am sometimes tempted in a humorous way to say the worst I can upon the other side, and I fear it is sometimes, as in this case, taken seriously."

The high tide of Wagnerism in America came between 1884 and 1889, when first Leopold Damrosch, and then Anton Seidl, who had worked with Wagner on the production of the *Ring* at Bayreuth, labored with considerable success to present the operas in a form which would adequately represent the composer's intentions. But even then Dwight found it hard to accept the strange, complicated harmonies and the "sensuous" atmosphere of the new school; in fact, his prejudice was strengthened by time. On August 11, 1886, he wrote to Edith Andrew:

The hymn-making has taken a back seat for a while, in favor of an attempt to study into and master *from the notes* Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, while our friends are hearing and seeing it at Bayreuth. I learn something, but I confess it is hard work and very unrewarding. What nonsense rhymes for poetry! And the music quite as bad! For instance, in the second act, in the hour-long love duet, which has not one bar of melody, — nothing but spasmodic gasps and shrieks of prolonged agony in the highest notes, Isolde sings:

Wie lange fern
Wie fern so lang!

and Tristan answers:

Wie weit so nah' !
So nah' wie weit!
O Weit und Nähe,
hart entzweite!
Holde Nähe,
Öde Weite!

Enough of that!

That Boston in general was unreconciled to Wagner even long after his death, is painfully evident from a letter written by H. E. Krehbiel on January 20, 1891, after a lecture in Boston:

I never realized the difficulty of making myself understood when talking about "Tristan and Isolde" so keenly as I did last Thursday. In New York and Brooklyn my audiences were not only familiar with the work but enthusiastically fond of it, and the task of entertaining, and, so far as I might, instructing them in my way of thinking was comparatively simple. Last Thursday I could not feel one sympathetic response and the net result of the afternoon was disappointing. I now realize that I ought to have gone at my audience differently, but I have no patience with the common manner of expounding Wagner (*à la Wolzogen*) which, it seems to me, stimulates and encourages affectation and superficiality, and does little if anything to help the understanding and enjoyment. So I shall again use "Die Meistersinger" to argue larger and more vital principles in art and trust to the popular style of much of its music and the plain merit of its comedy elements to hold attention to my argument, which is to show that in music progress means a harmonious blending of the essential elements of what is popularly called Classicism and Romanticism.

The objections that were raised in regard to Wagner's music applied in lesser degree to the work of Berlioz, Liszt, and Brahms. Not, as Dwight took pains to make clear, that Boston musicians looked upon these four as members of the same school. He never censured Brahms as severely as he did Wagner. In the latter he found only negation, "the denial of music." Brahms seemed at least earnest, though like all his contemporaries he was too fond of "chromatics" and "restless modulation." Yet, making all possible allowances, Dwight considered the C minor Symphony "something depressing and unedifying, a work coldly elaborated, artificial; earnest to be sure, in some sense

great, and far more satisfactory than any Symphony by Raff, or any others of the day, which we have heard, but not to be mentioned in the same day with any Symphony by Schumann, Mendelssohn, or the great one by Schubert, not to speak of Beethoven." Writing many years later of the same symphony, William Apthorp confessed, "I doubt if anything in all music ever sounded more positively terrific than that slow introduction to the first movement did to us then. Some twenty or thirty years before, Schumann's B-flat major variations had seemed about the *ne plus ultra* of 'Cat's-music'; but they were nothing to the Brahms C minor."

Musicians of the present day, to many of whom Wagner and Brahms are "old-fashioned," find it nearly impossible to comprehend the outlook of a time when these were dangerous radicals. Perhaps, however, there is a sting for all ages concealed in Apthorp's gibe at his own generation — "The public persistently cried for the new things, and turned up its nose when it got them."

The Contribution of John Knowles Paine

AT the same time that the Wagner controversy was raging in Boston, America's own "music of the Future" was beginning to make itself heard. John Knowles Paine was a pioneer in many fields. He was one of the earliest emigrants to German conservatories; he was America's first composer of prominence; he was, above all, the first to open a department of music in an American college.

Paine's grandfather, a country miller, was passionately fond of music. He played the fife, led the town band, and constructed fifes, bassoons, and even church organs with a gusto worthy of his lively contemporary, Gottlieb Graupner. Paine himself showed ability very early, and at the age of eighteen, when Handel's *Messiah* was sung in Portland, was allowed to play the entire organ accompaniment without assistance. The following year he gave three subscription concerts to earn money for further study in Berlin; but a large part of his expenses was paid by his sister Helen, herself unusually talented.

His first position after his return from Germany was that of organist at the West Church in Boston. Within a year, however, he had taken the post at Harvard which occupied an increasing proportion of his time until his death. Though the Harvard Musical Association had from its beginning declared the foundation of a chair of music at the university to be one of its major ambitions, that aim had, in 1862, not yet been accomplished. Paine's appointment to be instructor of music meant little more at first than an appointment to be college organist and chapel master. In 1863 he volunteered to give two courses of lectures, one on musical form and the other on fugue and counterpoint. These could not count towards a degree, and the enrollment was so small that they were dropped after a time. In 1870, however, Paine urged upon President Eliot the establishment of a regular department, even if he had to teach without pay. That winter he gave a course of eighteen lectures on the history of music, with illustrations. In 1871-72 music appeared for the first time as a department in the college catalogue, with an elective course in harmony and counterpoint, supplemented during the next two seasons by more advanced

work in composition. In 1873 Paine was appointed Assistant Professor of Music — though, as Professor Spalding comments in his recent book, there was no one else for him to assist. During all this time there was a steady increase of students, noted by Paine himself in a letter to Dwight on July 17, 1875. In this he wrote, "Your kind wishes and congratulations gave me sincere pleasure, and I trust the Musical Department of the College will continue to grow vigorously. Next year there will be nearly forty students in Music, nearly double the number of this year." For a department with so short an official existence, the registration was more than creditable.

In spite of the fact that for thirty-three years he ran the Department of Music single-handed, Paine was the first American composer to experiment in the larger forms, and achieved in them a high degree of technical perfection. In 1866 he returned to Germany for some months, with the special aim of bringing out his Mass in D, at the Berlin Sing Akademie. A letter to Dwight written shortly before this event shows how wide and pleasant his contacts in Germany had been during his previous three years, and how much he felt at home there. Dated November 5, 1866, the letter reads:

You may think I neglect my friends, I am so uncommunicative, but perhaps it is not too late to make amends, and a letter may prove more interesting now that my life is more quiet and regular, and with musical surroundings . . . After a never-to-be-forgotten tour in Switzerland and on the Rhine I came to Berlin more than six weeks ago. You can believe how glad I was to see my old friends and walk the familiar streets again. . . . Hermann Grimm asks me if you ever speak of him. Mr. Wright is here with a wife; his German is no better, as you may suppose. I have not yet called on Dr. Telkampf, but when I do I shall have much to say about you. Old Wieprecht is the same good old soul. He is very kind to me and takes great interest in my affairs. I shall have to give up the idea of spending much time in London if I wish to bring out my Mass here, for it shall take several months to do it. There have been some difficulties, as I might expect, but now the prospect is good. — You may have seen Chorley's review in the Athenaeum; in contrast to it I send you a little notice from the Spenische Zeitung by Floduard Geyer, and as he is the best musical theorist and critic in Berlin, I place confidence in his opinion . . . On route for the Continent I stayed a week in London. Davison [editor of the *Musical Times*] was very kind and hospitable to me . . . He is the same kind-hearted Englishman, but like all his countrymen, sets Mendelssohn up, pulls Bach and Schumann down, and won't hear a word of Wagner.

Geyer's notice, as quoted in Dwight's *Journal*, was really friendly. The same critic wrote a more extended review, qualified but just in its praise, when the work was performed on February 16, 1867, saying: "If we consider the total impression, we can without contradiction characterise it as a satisfactory one . . . We must not forget that this work is a first production, in which an author not seldom does and requires too much of a good thing, whereas a master will express only what is necessary in a concise form. Yet, one may say in general, Paine's Mass is brilliantly effective."

Address - Mendelssohn & Co. Bankers.

Berlin, Nov. 5. 1866.

My dear Mr. Dwight.

You may think I neglect my friends. I am so uncommunicative, but perhaps it is not too late to make amends and a letter may prove more interesting now that my life is more quiet and regular, and with musical surroundings. — I do not refer to an abominable piano in the next room. After a never-to-be-forgotten tour in Switzerland and on the Rhine I came to Berlin more than six weeks ago. You can believe how glad I was to see my old friends and walk the familiar streets again. Your friends make enquiries concerning you. Herman Gruner wishes to be remembered to you, he asks me if you ever speak of him. — Rev. Wright is here with a wife; his German is no better, as you may suppose. I have not yet called on Dr. Peltkampf yet, but when I do I shall have much to say about you. Old Weprecht is the same good old soul. He is very kind to me and takes great interest in my affairs. I shall have to give

Six years later another choral work of Paine's, *St. Peter*, was performed in Portland and repeated in Boston the following year by the Handel and Haydn Society at its third triennial festival. Even the kindly Dwight felt that this work was "dry and overwrought," and did not display the composer at his best. But he did appreciate its historical value as "the first earnest effort on so great a scale" by an American composer. In 1876, six months after Paine had been made full professor of music at Harvard, his first symphony was played in Boston by Theodore Thomas's orchestra. It struck Dwight, and other critics as well, as a remarkable improvement over *St. Peter*; Dwight wrote on February 5, "It is beautiful, it is earnest; it is learned and yet not manufactured, but flows naturally as from a full deep source, and it affects you as one live consistent whole." The fluency and spontaneity of the symphony, after the pedantic oratorio, seem to have surprised and impressed almost every one who heard it. Paine's next composition, the *Spring Symphony* of 1880, was his own favorite, and an equal success.

Paine's finest work was his music for Sophocles's *Oedipus Tyrannus*, performed by the students and alumni of Harvard at Sanders Theatre in May 1881. He made no attempt to reproduce or imitate Greek modes of composition, but used modern counterpoint and instrumentation in an original and dramatic manner which won the score recognition immediately as the greatest American composition thus far produced. In his *Island Fantasy* (1886) the influence of German program music was very noticeable. Several years later he finished *Azara*, the grand opera which he himself believed to be his masterpiece. Hampered by a poor libretto (Paine insisted on writing it himself), the opera has never been produced; but the Boston Symphony Orchestra has performed some of the ballet music. The autograph manuscript, with several of Paine's other scores, is now in the Boston Public Library. In 1901 some scenes from another Greek play, Aristophanes's *Birds*, showed the other side of his talent — that same humor which produced a *Fuga Giocosa* on the popular theme of *Rafferty's Lost His Pig*. At his death in 1906, Paine was still working on a symphonic poem based on the life of Abraham Lincoln.

The Boston School of Composers

PAINE was liked by his own students, and had a great deal of personal influence over them. Among the undergraduates at large he was probably not so well known. As the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* said after his death, "Paine lived for composing, and so he was a vital stimulus to his pupils . . . The power and effect of his teaching is seen in the line of active and successful musicians who got their training at Harvard. Under Paine Harvard became the leading school for composers in America." Several of these students have often been grouped together under the title of "the Boston classicists." Their relationship, however, as John Tasker Howard describes it in *Our American Music*, is "one of sympathy and background, rather than of any particular traits of style that mark their music." For many years Paine's pupils constituted a large proportion of the list of American musicians, and some of his influence is evident in their writing. But other influences were also at work, and each had his own individual technique.

One of Paine's most enthusiastic students was Arthur William Foote, who died last spring at the age of eighty-four. Graduating in 1874, he remained at Harvard for a year of further training, and was the first to take a master's degree in music. For two years he studied organ and piano, then began to teach, and was from 1878 to 1910 organist at the First Unitarian Church in Boston. He experimented in all forms of composition, first in symphonic works such as *Francesca da Rimini*, first produced in 1893; then in chamber music, much played by the Kneisel Quartet, with whom he often performed. He also published nearly a hundred and fifty songs, and a number of choral works, including the *Skeleton in Armor*, the libretto of which was taken from Longfellow's poem.

Foote's training, unlike that of his colleagues, was entirely American. But he did travel in Europe and was on friendly terms with various foreign musicians. One of his letters — dated only "July 16," but sent sometime after 1871 — is directed to Dwight from Paris.

I have not been able to see St. Saëns here as I had hoped [he wrote] as he is utterly prostrated by what we call at home "nervous exhaustion" and hardly sees even his family at all. Stephen Heller I have seen; he is threatened with cataract, and is very blue about it. I have heard some magnificent organ playing by Widor the last two Sundays at St. Sulpice; I wish you could see the masterly way in which he and Guilmant (especially the latter) play Bach. *Not too fast*, and with the utmost appreciation. It would do your heart good to hear the way in which they and Heller speak of Bach. But Handel is so far, I suppose, a sealed book to Frenchmen.

In spite of his happy European associations, however, he "cultivated his own garden, musically as horticulturally," to quote from an article by Olin Downes. "His music never conspicuously changed in character, or owned to a special influence, which is more than can be said of perhaps any other of the leading American composers of Foote's generation," Mr. Downes continues. "Such works as the Suite in E major for strings — which Foote himself considered one of his best-written scores — sound remarkably well, interesting, and beautiful, in the midst of a perfectly modern program."

George Whitefield Chadwick, Foote's contemporary, had a few lessons at the New England Conservatory before going to Germany in 1887, where he studied with Jadassohn and later with Rheinberger. Returning to America, he became an instructor at the New England Conservatory, and in 1897 was made its director, a position which he held until his death on April 5, 1931. No letters of his are preserved in the Dwight Collection, though from the very beginning of his work he took a conspicuous place in the Boston musical world. There is even a tradition, to which George W. Curtis makes reference, that Dwight was hostile to Chadwick on account of the latter's romantic tendencies. Yet he was friendly enough to Chadwick's first important composition, *Rip van Winkle*, performed in December 1879. He called it "a fresh, genial, thoroughly well-wrought, consistent, charming work," commented kindly on the composer's use of instrumentation and themes, and remarked, "The young man seems entirely at home in the orchestra." A later string quartet of Chad-

wick's was received in a similar spirit. It seems possible that Dwight's well-known distaste for Wagner has here, as in other instances, been made to include younger composers whom he would never deliberately have discouraged.

Chadwick was chiefly a symphonic composer, with three symphonies and a number of other works for orchestra to his credit. Such critics as Carl Engels, John Tasker Howard, and Philip Hale have found in his music a distinctively American quality which is certainly perceptible, though not easily definable. When Chadwick could quote at the head of his *Vagrom Ballad* a cheerful quatrain like the following:

A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes
And the "thirty days" to come!

some hint of so individual a personality was sure to get into his music. Philip Hale found in this symphonic sketch in particular "a certain jaunty irreverence, a snapping of the fingers at Fate and the Universe, that we do not recognize in music of foreign composers, great or humble." Less elegantly though more succinctly, Mr. Howard expresses a like feeling, "None but a Yankee can say such things and get away with it."

One of Chadwick's first pupils and most intimate friends was Horatio William Parker, who followed his example in studying later with Rheinberger in Munich. In 1893, after seven years of teaching in New York, he returned to Boston to be organist and choirmaster at Trinity Church. The next year he became head of the music department at Yale, where his weekly schedule would have put the average business man to shame. He exchanged the position at Trinity Church for a similar one at St. Nicholas's in New York, and spent Saturday and Sunday there for rehearsals and services; conducted choral societies in Philadelphia and elsewhere; lectured at Yale on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays; and on Fridays conducted rehearsals for the New Haven Symphony Orchestra. In spite of an existence spent largely on trains and trolleys, he found time to write two operas, one of which, *Mona*, was performed four times at the Metropolitan Opera House and is still, according to many critics, well worth revival; over forty choral works; and various compositions for organ, piano, voice, and chamber music groups. His masterpiece was the oratorio *Hora Novissima*, composed from Bernard de Morlaix's great Latin hymn in 1891-92. Seven years later it was sung at the Three Choirs Festival in England — the first American composition to be so honored. It is still in the repertoire of American choirs.

More closely connected with Dwight's intimate circle than Chadwick or Parker, and more modern than either, was Charles Martin Loeffler, first violinist and soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1882 to 1903 — according to Major Higginson, the only player whom he personally and independently hired, "and the best!" Born in Alsace, and a favorite pupil of Joachim, he had also studied and played in Paris. There he became friends with Fauré and with Ernest Giraud of the Paris Conservatoire, who had been Debussy's master. More than any one else, Loeffler helped to bring Debussy and other composers of the French impressionist school to Boston's attention, and

to counteract the steady pressure of German influence for which Dwight, Dreisel, and a whole host of teachers and musicians from the Fatherland were responsible. He was, besides, a brilliant conversationalist, well versed in French literature, especially in Verlaine, Baudelaire, and Maeterlinck. The latter inspired his symphonic poem *La Mort de Tintagiles* in 1898. This composition, played by the Boston Symphony in its early version for two violes d'amour and orchestra, established him at once as a composer of distinction. He later rewrote it in more practical form, having outgrown his enthusiasm for the viole d'amour. At the same time he was producing a good deal of chamber music, experimenting with various instrumental combinations and trying them out with the Kneisel Quartet.

Loeffler's best-known work is undoubtedly the *Pagan Poem*, based on Virgil's Eighth Eclogue — the story of a Thessalian girl who seeks to call back her lover with spells and incantations. Loeffler's process of revision in this case was typical of him. Originally (1901) the piece was scored for piano, two flutes, oboe, clarinet, English horn, two horns, three trumpets, viola, and double bass. Arranged for two pianos and three trumpets, it was played at one of Mrs. John L. Gardner's musicales in 1903. A few years later Loeffler remodelled it again for piano and orchestra; since its first performance in 1907, this version has appeared again and again on symphony programs not only in the United States but also abroad.

The music of Loeffler's maturity was deeply affected by his increasing interest in plain chant, which culminated in *Hora Mystica*, a symphony in one movement for orchestra and men's chorus, written after a visit to the Benedictine monastery of Maria Laach. This was written and performed in 1916, but has remained, like much of the composer's work, in manuscript. His exacting self-criticism would permit nothing imperfect to be published, and he cared so little for public homage that after his retirement from the orchestra he became practically a recluse at his home in Medfield. Clara Kathleen Rogers, with whom he often rehearsed his compositions, wrote that he needed sympathetic encouragement more than any other musician she knew; the first heat of creation, with him, was almost invariably followed by a mood of self-depreciation.

The composers' circle in Boston of the 'nineties was a free and stimulating society. In an article in the *Musical Quarterly* written shortly before his death, Arthur William Foote describes it with evident pleasure in the memory:

Those of us who lived in Boston during the period from 1875 to 1905, look back with happiness to the days when we had there as composers Paine, Chadwick, J. C. D. Parker, MacDowell, Horatio Parker, Loeffler, Whiting, Nevin, Johns, among the men, and, among the women, Margaret Ruthven Lang, Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, and Mrs. Beach. Converse, Hadley, Hill, Gilbert, and Mason came a little later. One of my cherished remembrances is of the meetings several times a year of Chadwick, Parker, Whiting, and myself, at which we each offered manuscript compositions for criticism, sometimes caustic, always helpful. The talk was honest and frank to a degree, and one was certainly up against the unadorned truth. I learned a lot from it.

Surrounded by so much music-making, it would have been difficult not to learn. This easy give-and-take, more marked, in Horatio Parker's words, by candor than by courtesy, was doubtless a prime factor in the rapid development of Boston music during the last years of the nineteenth century.

As may be seen from Foote's list, there were many composers in Boston who do not appear among John S. Dwight's correspondents; but Dwight knew these too. After the *Journal* came to an end, he grew even more attached to his work at the Harvard Musical Association than he had been before. Personal contact took the place of letter-writing; and we know from memoirs and other sources that he remained up to his death in 1893 an active and beloved member of the various musical groups in the city, even when the tastes and theories of his friends clashed with his own.

Musical Groups in Boston Society

VIEWED from one angle, the decline of Dwight's *Journal* was a public admission that American musical life could by that time stand on its own feet. The heated controversy over "the music of the Future" was a similar indication. Boston audiences had so far been willing to take Dwight's word for what was best. Now they had both enough knowledge and enough interest to argue over music, to discuss it in the daily papers, to make it, as it had not been before, part of their daily life.

This growing enthusiasm created harmony as well as dissension. Singing clubs had been popular for years. Now small instrumental groups began to form, and musicales became a common type of entertainment. Certain people, naturally, had special influence — notably Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munroe Rogers, and Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gardner. Before her marriage Mrs. Rogers had been Clara Kathleen Barnett, a talented opera singer known on the stage as Clara Doria; Mrs. Gardner, though an amateur, had a wide acquaintance among artists and musicians.

Mrs. Rogers was the first to begin the custom of regular musical evenings. When she and her sisters had been studying in Leipsic, the Barnett family had made their gay, informal "Sunday evenings" one of the chief attractions of the Conservatory's social life. She managed to renew the same free-and-easy spirit in the more sedate world of Boston. "Most of the local musicians of the day found their way to us," she writes, "pianists, violinists, and composers who were eager to do their bit, to say nothing of aspiring young players who hailed the opportunity to be heard by musicians of influence, such as Benjamin J. Lang, Edward MacDowell, Julius Eichberg, George W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote; sundry critics, such as John S. Dwight, Will F. Apthorp, and the various conductors of our Symphony orchestra, who came along in their turn." Often, she adds in her memoirs, she was at a loss to find house-room for her guests.

The Bach Club, which was formed in 1883, was an offshoot of these musical meetings at 309 Beacon Street. In that year the Dresels returned from their visit to Germany, and Dwight, fearful lest his restless friend be off again

to Europe, suggested to Mrs. Rogers that she should get together some singers who would be interested in studying Bach's cantatas, "the idols of Dresel's heart," and ask the pianist to train the chorus.

Before the first meeting, Mrs. Rogers explained to Dwight on March 13, "Mr. Dresel disapproves of inviting any outsiders, however intimate, just at present, and I agree with him thoroughly. It would only be an embarrassment to the Club, and could not possibly be a pleasure to anyone else . . . As soon as the singing is worth hearing we shall be glad to let a few chosen friends in." Dwight was a privileged visitor from the first; but it was some months before the chorus reached a degree of excellence which satisfied Dresel's standards. Even then, he admitted only twenty-five or thirty who had achieved equal perfection in his eyes as listeners and critics. Guided with such fastidious care, the Club became for several years a real vocation in the lives of its members.

The Dwight Collection includes a number of notes from Mrs. Rogers, most of them cordial dinner invitations. One, dated April 14, 1891, pokes some gentle fun at Dwight's convictions. "Mr. Seidl and Mr. Krehbiel are to be with us on next Thursday evening," it reads. "If you think the atmosphere will not be too over-charged with Wagner for your peace of mind, will you give us the pleasure of your company also?" In *The Story of Two Lives* Mrs. Rogers supplies an amusing footnote to this letter; for it must have been on this occasion that, just as supper was being served, Seidl sprang to the piano and proceeded to play long excerpts from *Parsifal*. B. J. Lang, who was also present, was a devoted Wagnerite; but he was equally devoted to ice-cream, so that he sat through the whole performance with his eyes fixed tragically on the melting ices. The time must have passed even more painfully for Dwight, who had once reprinted in the *Journal* a derisive lecture on *Parsifal* delivered by Eduard Hanslick, and who never arrived at a point where he could really enjoy the music.

The Rogers musicales were a praiseworthy mingling of old and new. As a balance on one side they had Otto Dresel, who usually, after a few modern selections, approached his hostess with the chilly suggestion, "Come, now let us have some *music!*" On the other side were Brahms enthusiasts like George Henschel and Arthur Nikisch, conductors of the new Symphony Orchestra, and such local composers as Loeffler, Arthur Whiting, and Edward MacDowell, who during his eight years' residence in Boston became intimate with the Rogers family.

In 1888 another group was formed with a contemporary emphasis — the Manuscript Club, which at the beginning met with Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gardner on Beacon Street. The Gardners were ardent experimentalists; eight years before they had constructed a fine music room, one of the first to be added to a private house in Boston, and now they welcomed the new organization, whose chief aim was to perform the works of young composers. The first program included a violin sonata by Mrs. Rogers, played by the composer and Charles Martin Loeffler; three songs and a violin suite by Clayton Johns; a group of songs by Margaret Ruthven Lang, daughter of B. J. Lang; and Arthur Foote's Suite in E major. For the first year the club was a real success, and a few later concerts were given at other houses. Soon, however, the initial enthusiasm waned, and the organization died a peaceful death.

Boston - Dec't. 181 -

Dear Mr. Dwight,

Here is a matter for

your consideration & advice -

Mr. Wolff (?) has written that Mr. Henschel
has had no experience at all as a conductor, &
comes here to us without preparation to assume
an important position - & then Mr. Wolff
adds various things about Mr. H. & his
concerts - just one more of this is un-
fortunate Henschel's reputation is, to a
certain degree, at stake. & he may thus
be injured - not in the eyes of those who
enjoy his work, but in the eyes of the
musical world, which is not here, &
may judge by the papers -

Personally I don't care a rush about
all these ~~cross~~ words, for one cannot

Mrs. Gardner's love of music never diminished, and the roll of artists for some of her evenings is almost incredible. In November 1888, for instance, she issued one of her usual invitations modestly announcing "music." What the startled guests heard was a series of classical and modern works — Mozart, Bach, Wagner, Brahms — played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Wilhelm Gericke. Four years later, when Paderewski was the sensation of the country, Mrs. Gardner engaged him to play both for herself and for her friends, and then, with a characteristically gracious gesture, asked him to give a concert in Bumstead Hall, and sent all the tickets to Boston musicians. The De Reszkes broke their invariable rule in order to sing for her. The first plans for the building of Fenway Court included a magnificent music room, inaugurated by the Boston Symphony and a group of singers from the Cecilia Society. In 1905 Melba gave a concert there, and afterward, on the landing above the fountain in the court, sang once again, leaving an impression on her hearers that is still remembered. To this day, by Mrs. Gardner's provision, there is music at Fenway Court.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

EARLY in 1881, the symphony situation in Boston was becoming a matter of popular gossip. As John S. Dwight wrote in an editorial on February 12, "For weeks the newspapers have teemed with communications, hints, suggestions, squibs, and airings of party grievances, in some way bearing upon what is called the 'Orchestral Problem'; the main question being how to secure for Boston a permanent, well-trained, sufficient orchestra, which can be kept in practice all the year round, and ready for all fit occasions." The subscription list of the Harvard Musical Association had dropped off so much that it would soon be impossible for those concerts to continue. Its rivals offered no good substitute. Bernhard Listemann's orchestra had proved a failure. Another group of music-lovers, headed by John K. Paine, had organized the Philharmonic Society of Boston, hoping to sustain an orchestra by yearly subscriptions. Dwight mistrusted the commercial aspects of this enterprise, and hinted at much personal animosity behind it. It was characteristic of his kindly temper that he did no more than hint, saying only, "If none who have worked hard for the support of orchestral music in the older organization heretofore have been consulted in the new plan, why, perhaps it was well enough that there should be a new deal all round, and that the 'outs' should be the 'ins' exclusively, till they can show what they can do . . . At all events, the Harvard Musical Association quarrels with nobody, and will go on doing its own work as well and bravely as it can."

In the midst of these various ineffectual criticisms and reforms, Major Henry Lee Higginson's offer to finance a public orchestra was remarkably opportune. As Dwight explained, the project had "the advantage of unity of plan and will, backed by abundant means"; it insured plenty of good orchestral music at a low price, without speculation; and it antagonized no other group. Though, as it turned out in the next few months, some of these same arguments furnished ground for attack by hostile critics, it was undoubtedly

the best scheme presented so far for the organization of a permanent orchestra.

Major Higginson's main points were: an ensemble of sixty men, paid by the year and under contract for all the time needed for rehearsals and concerts; twenty concerts on Saturday evenings, with a public rehearsal one afternoon a week; season tickets at five and ten dollars. The conductor was to be George Henschel, who had recently come over from London. On March 3 the Harvard Musical Association gave its last concert of the season, including an overture by Henschel conducted by the composer. Till then he had been known chiefly as a teacher and baritone singer; but on this occasion his magnetism and control over the orchestra made an extraordinary impression on his audience. A few days later Major Higginson asked him to undertake the leadership of the new group, and shortly afterward the engagement was made definite.

Mr. Henschel was just thirty-one when he accepted the appointment, and it was only to be expected that his youth and decided temperament should excite opposition. The press in particular seems to have assumed an unfriendly attitude towards him personally. He had, of course, a quite unprecedented amount of independence. "By far the best feature in all your arrangements of the orchestra," his friend Brahms wrote to him, "is the fact that no committee will be sitting in front of it. There is not a Kapellmeister on the whole of our Continent who would not envy you that!" As conductor, he had sole power over rehearsals, programs, selection of musicians and soloists, and all matters pertaining to production. He had assistance in business details, and a librarian; but he spent the greater part of a summer in Europe acquiring a musical library of nearly three hundred items, which he himself indexed, catalogued, and arranged.

The orchestra found immediate favor with its audiences; before long it was even "fashionable." At the first public rehearsal the line for seats began to form at six in the morning; by afternoon it had grown to such proportions that Henschel had difficulty in reaching the conductor's desk on time. This popular success, however, did not mollify the critics. One newspaper expressed its objections as follows: "Some protest is certainly needed to stem this tide of adulation that rises and breaks at the feet of Mr. Henschel. We have had conductors in Boston and good ones. It is a mistaken idea of Mr. Henschel's friends — if not of his own — that we have waited here, all unconscious of our own poverty and great needs, for this musical trinity combined in the person of Mr. Henschel — oratorio exponent, composer, and orchestral conductor. We are not and have not been half as ignorant as they suppose." Many were dissatisfied with the rearrangement of the orchestra — grouping the strings, for instance, in equal halves to the right and left of the conductor — experiments which Henschel himself shortly abandoned, though some of them have since been revived. More protested against the tempo at which he conducted certain time-honored classics. The outcry was so unanimous that one fears the worship of "fashion" was not confined to ticket-holders, but was quite as wildly rampant among musical reviewers. On March 18, 1882, Major Higginson wrote to Dwight:

The papers, as representing a few uncandid or hasty and at least ill-mannered so-called critics, have lashed themselves into a fury, which is truly comic. It suggests a little boy making faces at himself in a mir-

ror. But I am rather surprised that Apthorp should allow himself to write false statements and then to comment on them in so childish a fashion. Of course he does not intend to utter lies, but he does — for half-truths are lies in meaning.

In another letter, written in December 1881, he described the real seriousness of the situation, revealing also his own thoughtfulness towards his conductors:

Mr. Wolff has written that Mr. Henschel has had no experience at all as a conductor, and comes here to us without preparation to assume an important position — and then Mr. Wolff adds various things about Mr. Henschel and his concerts. Just one view of this is unfortunate. Henschel's reputation is, to a certain degree, at stake, and he may thus be injured — not in the eyes of those who enjoy his work, but in the eyes of the musical world, which is not here, and *may* judge by the papers.

Personally I don't care a rush about all these cross words, for one cannot value ill-tempered judgment. But I certainly do not wish Henschel to be hurt by any act or omission of mine, while I do wish that he, his orchestra, and his programmes and concerts should be criticized in the spirit in which you or any fair-minded man writes. It is most healthful for all concerned.

You know the beginning of this scheme and have followed it in the most kindly spirit, for which I am very grateful, and I regret that you have no longer your little sheet. Henschel can tell you of his education and experiences. Would it not be well that these should be put before the public in a dispassionate strain — rather as information than as an answer to anything already said? and if so, will you do it? I would point out that Henschel did not *seek* this important position, nor did such a thing come except at my request, and all that seems to me necessary to be said, is a recital of his experiences musically and in no way an argument or an opinion as to his talents or his performances here. It might be well enough to add that I asked him and not he me to take this position.

I add the opinion of one of the best musicians and fellows in Vienna — a man whose word and whose judgment is beyond cavil — as to Henschel and as to my course with regard to him . . . "I know Mr. Henschel personally. He is a remarkable singer, an admirable musician, and, in my opinion, a most honorable man. You may depend upon him in every respect, and must give him free scope in all artistic matters."

In February 1882 the Boston correspondent of *Music* wrote, "[Henschel] is a creed — devoutly accepted by some; scornfully rejected by others." But he also added, "He has done more for Boston's music than any other man has accomplished in the same space of time." In the same week, however, copies of Major Higginson's contract for the following year were sent to members of the orchestra, and created an uproar. The chief source of contention was that Higginson demanded practically all the players' free time from Wednesday morning to Saturday evening, and required that on the specified days they should "neither play in any other orchestra nor under any other conductor," except for the Handel and Haydn Society. The older musical organiza-

tions resented what seemed to them an arbitrary monopoly of local talent, and muttered darkly about "tyranny" and "imposition." Actually, Higginson had tried to be considerate. In the letter of March 18 quoted above, he wrote:

To whom shall I apply as to the days needed for concerts of H. M. A. for next season? In making arrangements with the musicians I should like to get this part right and to suit all, if possible — and if my wishes cross those of other societies, let the other societies engage the men first and then I will take the time left or seek men elsewhere. But I should be glad to settle the question. The singing societies are all content with Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday lacking three hours. That is my general idea. And this scheme of dividing the week according to the work seems to me unobjectionable on the whole. Is it not?

It was some time before the papers realized that the Boston Symphony was not, in Major Higginson's mind, just another orchestra, but a permanent organization, quite unlike the haphazard gatherings that had done duty in Boston before. With the second year of Henschel's leadership, however, the critics abruptly dropped their offensive. The results of constant rehearsal under a single conductor won over even the fanatics, and soon the Harvard Musical Association and the Philharmonic Orchestra ceased competition. At the end of this third season Henschel returned to Europe to resume his career as a singer. By that time John P. Lyman, treasurer of the orchestra, was able to report, "I am convinced that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the head and Henschel the tail of the beast . . . Popular sentimentality has in a large measure died out and people have come to regard the Orchestra as the main attraction . . . If the new man has a wide and established reputation, he can begin where Henschel left off and perhaps do more."

The new man was Wilhelm Gericke, whom Major Higginson met in Vienna. He found, when he arrived in Boston, "some musicians, but hardly an orchestra," and his first season was pathetically difficult. He knew little English, and was wretchedly homesick; and the discrepancy between the finely-trained orchestra he had been conducting for ten years and this new and still unseasoned group was a source of infinite distress to him. He was criticized by the players for his way of rehearsing; by the audience, for his programs. During the first performances of Brahms's Third Symphony and Bruckner's Seventh, people left the hall in hundreds. He hoped that fresh blood in the orchestra would make things easier, and returned to Vienna to engage various new players, including Franz Kneisel, the concertmaster, later to become famous as the leader of the Kneisel Quartet. But even this, from the diplomatic viewpoint, was a mistake. His rigid discipline made him unpopular with the men until the very end, though a successful concert tour opened their eyes to what his methods had achieved. He won many personal friends in Boston, and benefited the orchestra more than anyone excepting his successors knew. But when he refused to renew his contract for another term and returned to Europe, he cried out, "It would be impossible for me to stay any longer — I could not bear it. A man cannot stand more than five years of hard work with no encouragement. His spirit dies!"

His successor, Arthur Nikisch, was of exactly opposite temper; but after

a time the relaxing of Gericke's discipline became noticeable in the orchestra's performance. There was, according to Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, the historian of the orchestra, a romantic element about his conductorship. The musical public formed parties for and against Nikisch, just as it did with Henschel. A critic on the *Transcript* wrote, "Mr. Nikisch's object was to turn the orchestra into one great, complex instrument . . . Next to nothing was ever predetermined at rehearsals; his conductorship showed itself only at performances . . . He really taught the Orchestra next to nothing; it remained Mr. Gericke's Orchestra still." In the spring of 1893 Nikisch returned to Hungary to become Director of the Royal Opera at Budapest, and his place in Boston was taken by Emil Paur of the Leipsic Stadt Theater.

But before the new symphony season opened, John S. Dwight died on September fifth. He had seen the beginnings of music in America with the vogue for Handel and Beethoven. He had all but weathered the storm over Wagner and Brahms. He had been the first to write about music in such a way as to advance its cause among untrained and even incurious audiences, and had seen his two most cherished visions realized — the recognition of music on equal terms with older subjects at Harvard, and the establishment of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the last summer of his life came the plans, completed in 1900, for the building of Symphony Hall. For a generation he was the mainspring of Boston music, and even when his influence was on the wane he himself remained a part of the musical world indispensable to every one who knew him. With all his faults — indolence, conservatism, sometimes obstinacy — he left behind him a record of artistic taste and integrity which has been equalled by few American critics.

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